

The Game

by Ashplosion

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Summary: "If you make even one little sound, I'll stop." Her words shot a shiver down my spine. With those words, the competition was on. It was always one of two things between us: love or passion. I supposed it was fitting, given our realms of expertise. Tonight, we were definitely in the realm of passion. M for sexual content.

The Game

"If you make even one little sound, I'll stop." Her words shot a shiver down my spine. With those words, the competition was on.

It was always one of two things between us: love or passion. I supposed it was fitting, given our realms of expertise. Tonight, we were definitely in the realm of passion. I smirked as she cinched the blindfold at the back of my head. "And I know what you're thinking," she stated. I could hear the smile in her voice, almost envision it tugging at the corners of her mouth. I didn't respond; I would've lost the game if I had.

She shoved me harshly forward onto the bed and straddled my hips. I couldn't move. Deliberate movement, unless she instructed me to do so, was another losing condition. Her long fingers began kneading at my shoulders. It took everything in me not to groan in appreciation. "You're so tense, Rei..." I wanted to fire off a cutting remark, as normal, but I bit my tongue. Not figuratively, but literally. A Martian never loses, and I'd be damned if I lost to a Venusian. Love may be her realm, but passion was mine.

She suddenly rolled off me, and I heard her feet hit the floor. A couple of long moments passed, and I started to grit my teeth. I can't lose, became a mantra in my head. The room stilled, and I wondered what she was doing, what we were doing, why I let her do

this, why I _enjoyed_ it so damn much.

"All's fair in love and war, Reiko... And we both know you can trust a Martian to get any strategic advantage in either scenario." Before she finished her sentence, my wrists were pinned to my lower back. "Just remember that a Venusian can play that way too," she taunted as I felt the click of the cool metal cuffs. My breathing was noticeably shallower; another shiver shot through me at the soft click.

"What shall I do with you tonight?" She asked sweetly as her fingertips feathered down my spine. "Maybe we could play a game. But we're already playing a game, aren't we? Perhaps we could play a game within a game." My teeth sunk into my lower lip. "Let's see who cracks first."

I was suddenly being forced to sit up as she guided me-rather roughly-with the blind fold. "On your knees." I fulfilled the demand. I sensed movement in front of me, and then her breath was hot against my lips. "You have permission to speak... Do you trust me?"

"You know I do, Minako."

"If you want me to stop, say so, at any point." She nuzzled my cheek gently with her nose. I let out a long, slow breath I hadn't realized I was holding. This worried me slightly. Asking for my trust was tantamount to asking my permission. Minako had never asked my permission before, even the first time she'd blindfolded and bound me.

"So you trust me," she teased. "Good." And suddenly she was kissing me with all the energy and passion she could muster. I returned the kiss eagerly as her arms snaked around me, and suddenly my wrists were being wrenched upwards. "Stand," she mumbled breathlessly as she broke the kiss. As always, I complied. "Turn so the bed is behind you."

I always complied. By this point, I was always so ready I was trembling, despite the lack of real touch to the places I wanted her to touch me. I always suspected she was just as ready as I was, perhaps more so. She'd never managed to disappoint me, and I had never failed her. It was a game we both won, I supposed.

When I felt the bed at the back of my knees, she chuckled slightly as I felt her bare feet move on top of my own. What in the hell...?

"I'm so glad you trust me, Reiko."

Panic set in, as I suddenly couldn't breathe. I jerked against the restraints tightly, tried to move my feet, but I was absolutely at her mercy. Her fingertips tightened around my throat for a moment before she suddenly pushed me back onto the bed and straddled my hips. I struggled for air helplessly beneath her. I opened my mouth, wanted to say stop, but only ragged gasps came out. I couldn't bring myself to lose the game.

I hated being helpless... most of the time. Minako always did bring out the side of me that I'd only ever let her see.

I felt arms settle on either side of my head, and then she was

kissing me, so softly, so sweetly. Her hair tickled my shoulders; her breath whispered through my skin as she smiled into the kiss. "I want you," she mumbled as her leg slid between mine. "I need you," she continued as she shifted more of her weight onto me. The cuffs were beginning to cut into my skin. "And I love you," she finished as her hand closed over my throat again for a long moment.

Suddenly, she was gone. Through my haze, I could hear the rustle of her clothes being discarded, probably joining mine on the floor. I opened my mouth once more, trying to formulate that single word again, but I couldn't. I could only gasp as her thumb dug into my hip.

"Got your breath?" I did my best to steady my wild breathing, and she giggled. "Good." The bed creaked and shifted again, and suddenly, her weight was above me again, above my head this time. "Your turn to take mine away, Reiko."

I knew an order when I heard one.

I wasn't sure how she was positioned above me, so I started kissing the weight that had settled on either side of my head. From the sound of her voice and the feel of skin beneath my lips, I could only guess she was sitting above me. She gave me a soft hum of approval.

My nose brushed her, and I knew exactly how she was sitting. I could picture the way she was looking down at me, lips probably flushed from kissing, eyes dark with lust, a curtain of blonde framing her face, if she hadn't pulled it back. I couldn't be sure with the blindfold on. I lifted my head and tongue with slow, lazy movements, and found what I was blindly searching for. That soft hum of approval became a low groan.

I loved the way she tasted.

I felt her shift, and I managed to bump her _just so_ with my nose as I waited to figure out what she was doing. Her fingernails raked lightly down my body, and then...

And then I saw stars against the dark material of the blindfold.

I sucked in a deep breath, and I wondered how long it would take one of us to crack. I was dead set on winning this game, because after all, Martians never give up.

I set to work fulfilling my orders, and she set to the task of breaking me. That's really how this game was won, wasn't it? By maintaining composure, presence of mind longer than the other.

The cuffs dug into my wrists as I nearly forgot myself and tried to reach for her sides. I would've given anything short of my victory over her just to touch that soft skin beneath her ribs, to let my fingers glide over her hips, to pull her closer to me.

She, on the other hand, had no such restriction. Thumb nails dug into my hips with such a force that I nearly cried out, and those sharp, even teeth nipped at me lightly. The feeling of her bare skin on mine only drove everything I felt harder into me, and the deprivation of sight enhanced the sensation of touch. I jerked my head lightly in an effort to bump my nose against her again, hoping that the force of

the unexpected movement would give me a little leverage in the situation.

She sighed softly against me and kissed my thigh. "You know, Reiko," she murmured, voice thick with lust. "I have the upper hand here," she continued as one hand moved from my hip. "So to speak, anyway," as two fingers slipped into me, and I had to turn away from her to stop the groan trying to force its way from my throat.

I wasn't sure I could win at this point.

"What do you think of that?" I merely hissed in response. Minako knew damn well what I thought of it, and my resolve to beat her returned. I shifted from light, quick slips of the tongue to long, rough strokes, practically putting the force of my jaw behind my tongue.

She gasped and clenched her thighs around me. I challenged her at every turn, so why shouldn't I in the bedroom? Maybe she had the power, and maybe I enjoyed giving her control during sex... but the reality of it was, I had all the power anyway. All I had to do was say the word.

I enjoyed entrusting my body to her, and she enjoyed being trusted.

It helped that I had power in my own right. With my wrists retrained and my sight gone, I only had the feelings, sounds and tastes to go by. I could very easily injure her by accident, but I knew every inch of her body so well that it had never come to that.

I felt the twitch of her thigh against the side of my head, and I pulled back. She whined-"Reiko!"-and squirmed, trying to reestablished the connection. No, whether I was bound or not, I was going to make her beg me. I wanted to win that badly.

I turned my head and began kissing her thighs. The rhythm of her fingers quickened, and I knew I couldn't last much longer. Regardless, I had some teasing to do to make up for my silence.

I lifted my head just enough to bite where her hip met her thigh, and she let out a surprised squeak. Her thighs clamped together again, pinning my head in place, and I smiled to myself. Maybe this wouldn't be so hard.

I began soothing the spot with my tongue as she relaxed and tried to ignore the shiver spiking through my veins. I couldn't lose when I was so close. She attempted to grind into me, but I ignored her, hoping the denial of pleasure would make it that more intense when it came.

When her tongue joined the fray with her hand, my wrists jerked violently against the cuffs. I had to act fast. I turned to my original target and kissed her lightly just before I swiped my tongue against her.

That was all it took. I'd won.

Her movements faltered so badly I was afraid she'd lose balance above me. I could sense her grinding her jaw; her teeth bumped me a bit

painfully. Those fingers stilled and she quivered; her breath started and she lowered her forehead to the bed, just between my thighs.

I couldn't do anything but lie there and wait.

Finally, she rolled off me and kissed me roughly. Tasting myself on her tongue was always an odd experience, but it was always a welcome one, too. I was blinded a moment later as the blindfold came off, and I saw the deepest blue eyes I'd ever seen in my life staring back at me.

She pressed her fingertips to my lips, and I opened my mouth obediently. Her eyes bored into mine, but the emotion there was one of warmth. Finally, she withdrew her hand and kissed me sweetly.

"I want you to watch me, Reiko." I struggled against the cuffs, but I managed to lean forward enough to support my weight on my elbows and she kissed her way down my body, as she lightly teased my nipples, as she nipped at my hip bones, as she steadily grew closer and closer to where I wanted her.

One kiss was all it took. She'd barely touched me, hadn't even touched me with my tongue, and I'd gone crashing over the edge from the smell of her, the taste of her, the feel of her. My senses were so overloaded that one kiss was all it took.

What felt like an eternity later, she removed the cuffs and curled into my chest. I grinned down at her.

"Game over, Minako. I won."

End
file.